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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

## VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

NUMBER 1.

### POETRY.

[From the English Magazine.]  
ONE OF GOD'S HEROINES.  
By the Author of "Clare Peggy's Diary."  
LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he  
lay down his life for his friends."

Only a sickly child! born deaf and dumb,  
A child of whom her very parents said,  
"Please God to take her to His heavenly home,  
For such as she can never earn her bread."

A helpless burden on their scanty store,  
Want crushed the sympathy which pity stirs;  
They felt the pressure of the cross she bore,  
And deemed their troubles heavier than hers.

Who knows how much the poor dumb creature  
guessed?

Who knows how often those great, dreamy eyes  
Drank in the feeling, which, but half expressed,  
Made some hearts pity, and a few despise?

Who knows what bitterness 'twas hers to bear,  
Save He, who every grief can comprehend—  
To Him affliction is itself a prayer—

A prayer He answered—sending her a friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

All learned to love the Curate's gentle wife :  
She found a welcome at each cottage door,  
And heard the details of each rugged life  
With that quiet sympathy which wins the poor.

But most of all the poor dumb girl she sought,  
And shielding her alike from frown or sneer,  
By sweet, unwearying patience, nobly taught  
The first few words, which made her meaning clear.

Then day by day, the Saviour's love was told,—  
His free, full grace, by simple faith best won,  
Filling one heart with happiness untold,  
Gladdening the other by a good work done.

What wonder if, in Norah's grateful eyes,  
The gentle lady seemed her dark world's heavy-  
en—?

Seemed as an angel wrapped in earth's disguise,  
Sent straight from God to point the way to  
heaven?

\* \* \* \* \*

There is fever in the village! and the hard-work-  
ed Curate has

All unconscious of his peril, with Life trem-  
bling in Death's scale;

Whilst his poor, pale wife sits watching with her  
tear-stained sunken eyes,

And with broken prayer for mercy—for the  
strength which cannot fall.

"Oh! my Father, spare him to me!" 'tis the cry  
of bitter pain.

Then she strives to say more mockingly, "As Thou  
wilt? Thy will be done."

Then the weight of human sorrow comes with  
crushing force again,

In the wail of human anguish—"Is there none  
to help—not one?"

Yes: the cry unheard is answered; there is Norah  
standing near,

For the poor deaf-mute is faithful to the friend  
she loves so well:

Others shun the house of fever, but her heart,  
her trust is here,

With its wreath of loving gratitude too deep  
for words to tell.

Love supplies each missing power, love has quick-  
ened every sense,

When the wife, worn out by trouble, would  
have sank but for her care;

Through long weary nights of watching, through  
long days of dread suspense,

She who sowed the seeds of pity reaps the  
fruit the blossoms bear.

Then—the crisis past and over—with suspense,  
and dread, and fears,

All merged in hope and gladness by God's mer-  
ciful decree,

Is the grateful wife who murmurs through a  
mist of blinding tears,

"My God deal with you, dear Norah, as your  
love has dealt with me."

\* \* \* \* \*

God hath dealt gently with her! in His wisdom  
He knows best;

And the fever's searing fingers have but led  
the way to rest:

Wan from sickness—worn with watching both  
the Curate and his wife

Tend—as parents tend their first-born—Norah's  
last few sands of life.

His voice was low and musical, and  
vibrated with feeling. It touched a  
chord in her heart. Proud, passionate,  
as was she, the girl had a heart as  
tender as a child's. Tears started in  
her eyes, and she sprang forward and  
clasped his hands.

"My guardian, forgive me," she said,  
"let us not part in anger. All that I  
am I owe to you, and I have been very  
to you. But do not urge me to  
remain, for I cannot receive any more  
favors from your hand."

"Proud girl, go," he said, putting  
away her hand. "You have no heart,  
or you would not wrong me thus.  
Leave me, I want you no longer here;  
but remember, when trials assail you  
in coming years and you wish a home,  
the doors of Earls court hall are open to  
you."

He walked away, stern and haughty,  
and the good angel was stillled again  
in Ethel Trevor's heart.

"He is as proud as I am," she  
thought, as she dashed the tears from  
her eyes, while a proud, defiant look  
flashed from that splendid face. "I  
will never come back here, no, never,  
and some day I may be as rich as he."

How proud she was; this girl, Ethel  
Trevor; eyes, nose and lips all showed  
that; handsome, too, with warm,  
haughty Italian blood glowing in her  
cheeks, red lips, curling scornfully,  
and the dark eyes of her race looking  
out from under a broad brow framed  
with glossy, jet-black braids. She was  
less, and no expense was spared to

pacing the richly carpeted floor, and  
her lithe, queenly form never showed  
to greater advantage than it did now,  
as she walked to and fro. What grace  
and elasticity there were in her limbs!  
With all her beauty of feature and ele-  
gance of form, she had, perhaps, a  
right to be proud.

The man stood with folded arms con-  
fronting her. Most women would not  
have waited to be asked twice to marry  
Dr. Carl Earls court. Highly cul-  
tured and rich, and standing at the  
head of his profession, he was consid-  
ered by maneuvering mammas the best  
catch by all odds in the market. His  
physical attractions were great. Tall  
and stately, with a face as regularly  
beautiful as a Greek statue, and a  
brown, healthy glow on his cheeks, he  
shamed all the pale, narrow-chested  
Adonis in the city. Very grave the  
noble face looked now, and the blue  
eyes rested with an expression of mingled  
sternness and sadness on the girl  
who had so wronged him.

"And this is my reward for all these  
years of care and anxiety!" he exclaim-  
ed. "I have spared no expense in  
your education, treating you as a  
father might a child, and you repay  
me by deliberately trampling upon my  
heart's purest feeling. Such generosity  
well becomes your sex, but I had  
hoped something better from you,  
Ethel Trevor."

His calm, contemptuous tone, the imperious  
stolidness of his manner, irritated her beyond bounds. She  
stamped her pretty foot with anger,  
crying as she did so:

"Taunt me no more. Will you make  
me hate you? I know I owe you a debt  
I can never liquidate. You took me  
from the gutter, a naked, half-starved  
child. You reared and educated me  
as though I had been your own daughter.  
Why did you do all this if you  
expected I should require the debt to  
the utmost farthing?"

A withering smile of scorn and bit-  
terness distorted his Apollo-like fea-  
tures.

"You reason like a woman," he said,  
coldly. "I compliment your logic. I  
must confess myself that I cannot  
imagine why I should have meted out  
such kindness to you. Of course I  
knew what the returns would be."

"Doctor Earls court, you make me  
repent the day I ever entered your  
house," cried Ethel, fiercely. "I would  
rather have died in the street than to  
have lived to be taunted thus with in-  
gratitude. I will never eat another  
meal under your roof, no, never. I  
leave you from this hour. As I earn  
the money I will pay you for the ex-  
penses you have incurred on my ac-  
count."

"What can you do, child? You  
cannot earn your bread. There are a  
thousand girls just like you that can-  
not find work enough to do to pay for  
their lodgings."

"I had forgotten to tell you, sir,  
that I have already secured a situation  
as a teacher in the academy. I never  
intended to remain here any longer  
after I could earn my own living."

"Ethel Trevor, your pride will ruin  
you. Why will you not listen to me? I  
love you; stay here and be the mis-  
tress of Earls court Hall."

His voice had lost its sternness, but  
the face was grave and passionless;  
only the eyes were full of shadowy  
splendor.

"No; you do not love me. It  
is only pity you feel for the orphan  
girl. I should scorn myself were I to  
accept a home by such a sacrifice.  
I will hear no more. To-morrow I  
leave here forever. I will no longer  
be burden to you."

"Mark me, Ethel, you will regret  
the step. Have you not been happy  
here?"

"How long have I been ill?" she  
asked, after the first surprise.

"Ask no questions, child. You are  
safe, but you need sleep and rest."

She obeyed, and soon drowsiness  
fell upon her and she slept. She was  
saves from that hour. In a few days  
she was convalescent, and the color  
came to the pale cheek once more.

She learned that she had been sick a  
fortnight, dangerously sick, and that  
Dr. Earls court had been the only thing  
that saved her. What did she not owe  
that man? Yet that pride, the bane  
of her life, rose up against him.

"He cares not for me," she thought,  
"he is in love with his profession.  
Why should I care for his attention?  
He would have done the same for the  
humblest maid in the poor house."

So Ethel steeled her heart and went  
about her labor as serenely apparently  
as if Carl Earls court had never existed.

He called to see her one evening as  
she was busy with her pen, coming in  
in his old way, stately but with the  
grace of an Antinous. Ethel felt her  
heart give a wild leap as she heard  
his step, and she looked up with a  
slightly flushed face to meet his ear-  
nest gaze.

"Ah, Ethel," he said, and his voice  
was very fascinating, though slightly  
tinged with reserve. "So you are at  
your labors again, but I must admonish  
you to be careful and not overwork  
yourself. I should not care to spend  
a week again to grasp you from the  
grave. You are not as strong as you  
should be."

How proud she was; this girl, Ethel  
Trevor; eyes, nose and lips all showed  
that; handsome, too, with warm,  
haughty Italian blood glowing in her  
cheeks, red lips, curling scornfully,  
and the dark eyes of her race looking  
out from under a broad brow framed  
with glossy, jet-black braids. She was  
less, and no expense was spared to

give the girl a superior education.  
And she learned easily. She possessed  
rare intellectual powers, and sought  
truth with avidity. At the examination  
she had borne away the palm, and  
Carl Earls court, stern and grave,  
and twice her age, had felt, in that  
moment of her triumph, that the  
haughty, cultivated, self-poised girl of  
nineteen was the only woman he could  
ever love. The truth fell on him like a  
flash. And this was the end. Proud  
and sensitive, deeming that the rich,  
brilliant, cynical Dr. Earls court felt  
more of pity than of love, her haughty  
soul yet smarting with the sense of unrec-  
ompensed obligation, she refused him  
with all the scorn of an injured  
woman.

"Dr. Earls court, why did you not  
let me die?" she cried, yielding at once  
to the feeling that possessed her. "I  
did not want to live. What right had  
you to step in between death and me?"

"Child, I saved you for myself, I saved  
you because you are not prepared to die.  
You have been leading an unhappy life.  
I have read your very soul, child, in your published pages.  
All its griefs and yearnings were dis-  
closed therein as freely as though  
you had opened your heart to me.  
Ethel, you love me, deny it not."

"I do deny it, sir," she cried, com-  
ing to the battle shock with all her  
old spirit. "You are nothing to me.  
I know not as I have a heart. If I  
have

## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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60¢ Many hearing people take the JOURNAL, all of whom place a high estimate on its worth. Now, if many more would subscribe for it they would be helping the paper, the deaf-mute subscribers, and be benefiting themselves.

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For the —— Subscriber.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

### THE JOURNAL FOR 1879.

With our last week's number we completed volume 7th of the JOURNAL. With this number we begin volume 8th.

During the past year many have patronized our paper, and done nobly towards aiding in its support, but our lists are not yet swollen to the number which they should, and we urge upon all who desire to place the paper upon a permanent basis to show liberality in patronage and help in extending the circulation of the JOURNAL. Some who had heard little or nothing concerning our paper have, nevertheless, sent in their subscriptions; others who have been introduced to the paper through the efforts of agents and old subscribers have been induced to join the ranks. This, as far as it goes, is encouraging, but extra efforts on the part of agents, and other friends of the JOURNAL, are needed to help swell the lists to much larger proportions.

It is unnecessary to repeat the often-asserted fact that the JOURNAL is the best and also most expensive (to the publisher) of any deaf-mute paper in the world, and none who read its columns from week to week will admit that it is deserving of liberal support. We hope to receive large accessions to our number of new subscribers this year, and prompt renewals of all old subscribers.

75 cents for six months. Remit by post-office money orders or registered letters.

### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The year of grace 1878 is at an end. Its days have been full of stirring events, many of them of remarkable prominence. Important scenes have been witnessed and many great deeds have been accomplished; great good has been performed, and no small amount of evil and crime have likewise been enacted; but we may certainly hope that, if weighed in the balance, the good outweighs the evil.

This age is one of progress. Keeping pace with the times, good men are striving to elevate the standard of morality throughout the world; evil men are also busy trying to counteract the former's good works; but we cannot but think that the general results have converged towards a focal point of progressive goodness.

The year 1879 steals in upon us like a thief in the night, but for a nobler purpose—to make us better,—not to leave us worse. The past year brought us many blessings, and displayed towards us great mercies; let us hope that this year will be no less characterized by the good it brings to humanity.

To our friends we tender our thanks for their assistance during the past years of the JOURNAL's existence, and hope for its continuance during the present year, and to all we wish a happy New Year.

### A WORTHY PRINCIPAL GONE.

We were greatly surprised to receive from our Hartford correspondent, last Saturday night, the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Edward C. Stone, Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford, Conn. Through correspondence which we had from time to time with him we had learned to respect and love him, and felt sure that he was the right man in his position, which, we think, it will be very difficult to fill with the qualifications he possessed.

It is a few years since his father, then principal of the same institution, met his death by an accident of which our readers have already been informed. Now father and son, both principals of the oldest institution in the Union, whose places they had filled to the American Asylum, and son of one of the most distinguished doctors of that place, is doing well in Cumberland Hill, R. I. He is well known among the ladies for his skill in dancing.

A Rhode Island correspondent writes: "Robert King, of Cincinnati, O., claims to have run 100 yards in 9½ seconds. Mr. McFaul, of the New York Institution, whose time is splendid, will probably be glad to accept a challenge from him. What say ye? Bob?"

A rumor is afloat among the 1,500 operatives in the Blackstone cotton mill that Miss Margaret Quinn, now a pupil at the American Asylum, will be a teacher in two years. They take a deep interest in her because she was born in Blackstone. She now belongs in Fall River, Mass.

H. C. Menam, of Mount Jackson, Pa., says he lately took a pleasant trip to Pittsburgh, enjoying his trip very much and also his visit among his friends. While in Pittsburgh he had the pleasure of attending one of Rev. A. W. Mann's services for the deaf and dumb.

FIFTY-SIX pairs of shoes, manufactured at the Kansas Institution shoe shop, were lately sent to the Minnesota Asylum for the Insane—JOURNAL.

In error again. We said "Osawatomie Asylum for the Insane" in this State—Star. [Thanks for putting us on the right track.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Price & Welch, of Olathe, Kan., have contracted to furnish meat for one year, commencing January 1st, 1879, to the Kansas Institution at the following rates: Beef steak, 7 cents per pound; beef roast, 6; beef boil, 3; corned beef, 5; and 10 per cent. discount below market price on all other meat.

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### DELAYED JOURNALS.

Our last week's paper was a long time in reaching the larger portion of our subscribers, and doubtless many readers wondered why their JOURNALS reached them so long after publication day. A few words only are needed to explain the mystery. The paper was out of the press on good time and mailed on as good time, but, on account of the snow blockade on the railroad, no trains were moving on the Oswego and Rome Railroad, and outward bound mails from here had to remain in our post-office till Saturday afternoon, when the first train left here for Oswego. Of course we could not control the weather.

### JOB TURNER SNOW-BOUND.

Prof. Job Turner was expected here to make a short visit on or about Christmas. He reached Syracuse a week ago last Saturday, and stopped to visit there a few days. While there the recent great snow storm came on, trains had to stop running on the Syracuse Northern Railroad, travel was of course, interrupted, and Mr. Turner, like many another luckless traveler, was "stalled" and could, for the present, proceed no farther hitherward, very much to our disappointment. The roads are now open, trains and travel are resumed, and we hope to see Prof. Job Turner put in his appearance either to-day or to-morrow.

A little Portland girl recently testified, innocently, to the life of drudgery experienced by the average "queen of the household" who does her own housework. Somebody asked her if her mother's hair was gray. "I don't know," she said, "she is too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down!"

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cures Liver and Kidney Diseases and all Urinary Complaints.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

DECEMBER 19th all were reported well at the Kansas Institution.

The Board of Trustees of the Kansas Institution held the next quarterly meeting January 4th.

Louis C. Bowles, son of the superintendent of the Kansas Institution, is at home from college spending a vacation.

CHRISTMAS business for the pupils lately called the matron and two teachers of the Kansas Institution to Kansas City.

A few days previous to Christmas almost every mail carried presents to some of the pupils of the Kansas Institution.

For a few days previous to Christmas almost every mail carried presents to some of the pupils of the Kansas Institution.

As an impostor, calling himself Graham, has been soliciting alms in Cleveland, O. He has a card on which is the statement that he is deaf and dumb and that he is the support of a large family: the same old story.

One editor finds much exquisite pleasure, during the cold weather in taking afternoon walks, of one or two miles each, with an agreeable companion by his side. Who wouldn't enjoy that kind of delight? Echo answers, you and I would.

The pupils of the American Asylum, who visited the city last Saturday afternoon, were greatly interested in a splendid display of diamonds, valued at \$150,000, the show-window of one of the stores. The sparkling collection included a brooch valued at \$5,000, a pair of bracelets worth \$3,000, and a single diamond of equal value.—*DAILY NEWS*, Dec. 16, 1878.

We notice our old friend, Harry Kidd, formerly of Romney, and Miss Maggie Blue, formerly of Hampshire County, were recently united in the hymeneal yoke at Wheeling, W. Va. They have been lovers, and believed to have been engaged for at least twelve or fifteen years. We extend them our hearty best wishes for many years of continual bliss, and hope that the time lost in love-making, may be made up in uninterrupted enjoyment "until death do them part."—*W. Va. TRIBUNE*.

The Kansas Star denies the "soft impeachment" in regard to the Kansas Institution having a "purl" named "Ben Butler." The namesake of the illustrations Ben probably belongs to some other institution.

Mr. Dupres, once a pupil of the Montreal Catholic Institution, has gone to Lowell, Mass., to fill a place which was given him. He does not understand the English language, but is well educated in French.

The Star reported that snow fell at Olathe, Kan., to the depth of 25 inches on Saturday, December 14th—a very severe snow for Kansas—and the boys immediately went to making sleds, with which to utilize the snow.

Or all the tables, addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, the New York Institution likes to work at addition the most, inasmuch as it has made another addition, it being a new picket fence about 12 feet high.

The Kansas Star has the "boss"—oh! excuse the phrase, please—best, perhaps, would sound better, news condenser of any of the deaf-mute papers, headed "Nubs of News." We opine if the editor keep it up he will have his hands full, unless he does as some we might speak of—steal the most of it.—*MIRROR*.

We tried it one week, and people began to suspect that we had committed "literary theft," or in other words, stole the most of it. When people begin to appreciate the fact that we "ain't that kind of a clothe-pin," (please excuse this slang phrase, it is the only thing that will express our feelings,) we may resume it.—*Star*.

We clip the following from the *DAILY NEWS*, published at the American Asylum: Mr. Stone, our honored principal, and dear friend is dead, and we shall see him among us no more. The utmost skill of his physicians, the most faithful care of his nurses, and the tenderest love of his friends were all unavailable to save his life; and on Saturday evening, Dec. 21, at half past eight o'clock, in unconsciousness, and in apparent freedom from pain, he breathed his last. It was very comforting to his friends, that he had several intervals of perfect consciousness during the past week, and was able to speak farewell words to those around him, and to send to others messages of dying remembrance. In one of his lucid intervals, on Thursday evening, he said, with much tenderness, "I have always been among the deaf and dumb, and have always loved them and have been glad to give my life to them. I love them all. Tell them to love Christ, to love the Bible, and to live as God would have them do. He will take care of them, and his dying message to the pupils here, and to all those who have known him in years past. Let us remember him and it will meet him again."

W. N. Sparrow, Harry White, A. S. Tafts, R. N. Parsons, W. E. White, Lars M. Larson, Harry Reed, New England.

WHEREAS God in His mercy and wisdom has seen fit to take from our midst Edward C. Stone, the friend and benefactor of deaf-mutes,

And WHEREAS we, the students, from the Hartford and Wisconsin Institutions, who have felt the influence of his mild but effective sway, either as principal or teacher, desire to render a fitting tribute to the memory of the deceased, and to offer our sincere sympathy to his afflicted family, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of Edward C. Stone the deaf-mutes, not only of New England, but all over of their best friends and supporters.

Resolved, That his efforts in the cause of deaf-mute instruction entitle him to a high place among the benefactors of mankind.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, in the hope that they will be comforted in the thought that their sorrow is shared by the class of people to whose moral advancement he has given the best part of his life.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *DAILY NEWS* of Hartford, the *JOURNAL*, and the *WISCONSIN PRESS*.

W. N. Sparrow, Harry White, A. S. Tafts, R. N. Parsons, W. E. White, Lars M. Larson, Harry Reed, Wisconsin.

THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The discussion in your column regarding the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, and the opposition on the part of the New York Institution, call up in my memory something similar dating back half a century. I would suggest to the principal and teachers of the New York Institution to search their archives for the annual report for the year 1827, 1828, or 1829. In that report Mr. Loofborow, then the principal, gave vent to an amount of jealousy and malice against the Hartford school that excited my wonder. I could not comprehend how the head of a professedly benevolent institution could be so bitter against another engaged in the same cause and in no way interfering with his. My conclusion was that he was a man of narrow intellect and small soul. So many years have passed that the probability is that he has departed from earth; and if so, I fancy the chief of the infernal regions must apply a pretty powerful magnifying glass to get sight of his shape or shadow.

The opposition of the New York Institution to the national college is equally incomprehensible, save on the same ground as in the time of Loofborow. I have known of this adverse feeling for years, and always, whenever the subject came to my mind in any way, Loofborow and his folly came likewise. This opposition has become monotonous. It ever reminds me of the fox and the sour grapes. It is not time to turn over a new leaf, to take a more enlarged view, and to consider the fact that an education is never finished until death cuts the thread of life? Even if the New York Institution is, as it claims, equal to the college, which I much doubt, it is a poor argument for the New York graduates to avoid entering the latter. Many an American college student, after graduating, travels in Europe or spends one, two, or more years in some European university in furtherance of his education. If the powers that be in New York cannot comprehend the importance of the matter, or are unwilling to drop their conceit and regard as paramount the good of their pupils, then the latter should put their own judgment to use and decide for themselves. Certainly there is no law, human or divine, to the contrary. The principal and teachers many retain their present position twenty years. In the nature of things, death or age will take them off in about that time, while their pupils have a chance of thirty years beyond or fifty in all. It does not look well, this allowing Loofborow to repeat himself in his successors.

At a regular meeting of the Guiding Star Camp of Recchabites, held in this village Friday evening, December 27th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. B. Stone, S. P. C. A. N. Benedict, S. C.; H. C. Plimley, S. V. C.; George Tubbs, S. R.; J. H. Gass, S. T.; W. A. Robbins, S. Ch.; William Gustin, S. C. of G.; J. H. Alfred, S. I. S.; A. Hollister, S. O. S.

Notwithstanding the so-called hard times, and the terrible snow storm on Christmas Eve and Christmas day, Santa Claus did not postpone his annual visit to Mexico, but worked his way through the blinding storm and badly drifted roads, called at nearly, if not every, house in town, and made the hearts of the young and the old happy. Though the elements were wild and frantic, at many firesides there was much joy and sunshine.

Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill.

When the Doctor was ready to go the sick man was up and dressed; he followed the doctor to the door and said:

"Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you a check for five hundred dollars."

In half an hour more he was able to sit up, and he calmly remarked to the doctor:

"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the Doctor was ready to go the sick man was up and dressed; he followed the doctor to the door and said:

DEATH OF E. C. STONE, PRINCIPAL OF THE AMERICAN ASYLUM.

HARTFORD, Dec. 23, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Sabbath morning, December 22d, dawned clear and bright, nature was enshrouded in a mantle of pure white, and, being the last Sabbath prior to Christmas, every person should rejoice and be glad. While so much expectation is at hand, who knows what will happen in an hour or in a day? As the writer trod over the slippery walks, so rendered by the previous night's rain, his thoughts wandered towards the American Asylum, expecting good tidings from Mr. Stone, the principal. Alas! it was not as he had expected; what was heralded was the death of our much loved principal.

Mr. Stone was taken ill on the 12th inst. His case was not regarded at first serious, but a stealthy disease (erysipelas) crept in and his face was swollen. The services of the best physicians were employed, and very careful and skilled nurses were on hand. Day after day the disease grew alarming, and baffled the skill of the best medical attendant. The mind of the patient was unsettled, and at last he settled into a state of unconsciousness.

Thursday evening a ray of consciousness glimmered, and the patient, feeling that he had almost reached his journey's end, produced the following message to the deaf-mute pupils in his charge: "Tell them to love God, love the Bible, and try to live as God would have them live, and God will take care of them. I have always been among the deaf-mutes, and always loved them; I have been glad to devote my life to them. I love them all." He bade farewell to all; first to his own family, to the pupils, and teachers, and the servants were not forgotten. Though said to be declining, he survived till Saturday evening, when he expired at quarter past eight o'clock.

Professor D. E. Bartlett officiated in the forenoon on Sabbath. The speaker said that the deprivation of our principal, to whom we were endeared, seemed to him a mystery. He is old and the deceased was in the prime of life. He was expected to end his life's journey first, but God has permitted him to remain. He said that Mr. Stone had been doing much for the benefit of the deaf-mutes while in office, and had shown a truthful yet humble life. He asked us if we should praise the Lord in our affliction. "Yes" was the response. Accordingly all stood up, repeating the doxology. After prayer he gave us a discourse on the mystery of God's providential dispensations. His selections from scripture were from I Samuel III : 18—"It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth good;" Job I : 21—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;" Amos IV : 12—"Prepare to meet thy God." The subject of the whole discourse was "Submission to God." It was very appropriate to the occasion, and the application was well made. The address was associated with a eulogy upon the deceased.

The late Edward C. Stone was born and lived among the deaf-mutes. He joined them in their sports, and partook of their merriment. Having graduated from Yale College with honor, he followed the foot-steps of his father, the late Collins Stone, and became a teacher of the deaf and dumb in the Ohio Institution. When his father was appointed Principal of the American Asylum, Mr. E. C. Stone was appointed to come here and teach. He showed faithful devotion to his class, and aided them in making progress. His position was that of his mother—kind and tender-hearted. After teaching here a short time, he was appointed Principal of the Wisconsin Institution. As principal he acquitted himself manfully, and was much loved by the pupils and the graduates in general.

On the death of the late Collins Stone, E. C. Stone was appointed Principal of the American Asylum for the deaf and dumb, in the year 1871. His official duties gave satisfaction to every one. In his Christian life he was exemplary, and his modest and loving deportment won a large circle of friends, who this day deplore his untimely departure. How singular! Mr. Stone's father was in office over seven years, and was killed by a railroad train, December 23d, 1870, and Mr. Stone, Jr., after a brief illness, December 21st, 1878, he having been principal here almost eight years.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. W.

A LETTER FROM T. B. BERRY.

OMO, Wis., Dec. 20, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I desire to say to the deaf-mutes of Milwaukee, through the columns of your valuable JOURNAL, that I hope to begin regular service for their benefit in January next. The reason why I have not held any service since August last is because I was waiting for the return of Bishop Wells, from Europe, in order to obtain his sanction and co-operation. The Bishop has been so busily engaged since his return that I did not obtain a reply to my letter until last evening, in which the bishop promises to arrange for the services in January.

I recently heard a rumor of a new institution for deaf-mutes being started in this State, but it was so vague that until I learn more about it I will not venture to say more at present. Should I learn any thing further I will communicate it to you.

The JOURNAL is a regular and ever welcome weekly visitor to my household.

Very sincerely yours,

THOMAS B. BERRY.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

GENEVA, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER.—I am stopping with my old friend, Mr. Nehemiah Denton, Esq., well known as the wealthy deaf-mute gentleman of Geneva, who yesterday morning met me at the station, and brought me to this, his splendidly furnished mansion, in his own coach, drawn by his two spirited bay horses. In my missionary travels, I have not met with any deaf-mute living in so fine style as he does, though I have seen a good many in very comfortable circumstances. His costly mansion faces a wide avenue, called Denton avenue in honor of him.

There is a street in Worcester, Mass., named Denny street, after Mr. Denny, a respectable deaf-mute citizen of that place. I know of but two such honorables.

Mr. Denton lives on a very large farm of great fertility. He has every thing which he wants. He has a reservoir of his own, 30 X 30 feet, one mile and a half from this mansion, which is filled by a never-failing spring, the clear water of which reaches this house through cast-iron gas pipes. From this building is seen Seneca Lake, forty miles long, a beautiful expanse of water, on which steam-boats ply between Geneva and Watkins, stopping at several intermediate places. Watkins is celebrated for the beautiful picturesque looks of its glens.

I met Mr. Denton, and Prof. Isaac L. Peet, of the New York Institution, in Staunton, Va., about thirty years ago, and formed their acquaintance. Mr. Denton has changed some since then, except his eyes, which have the same brilliance. He has a deaf-mute wife, and two speaking daughters, who have both been very well married, and who have families. This mansion is, therefore, too large for him and his wife.

Last night a service for deaf-mutes and others was held in Trinity Church, by the Rev. Mr. Nelson, the rector, and "the missionary to deaf-mutes." Among the silent listeners were Mr. and Mrs. N. Denton, Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Krebs, and Mr. Gordon, all of Geneva; Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Cuddeback of Lyons; and Mr. William Gibbs, of Sodus.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuddeback live in Lyons, eight miles from this place. They came yesterday afternoon, merely to attend the meeting, and after service returned home the same night in a buggy. Mr. Cuddeback is a tall, fine-looking gentleman, of great intelligence and energy, and his wife a healthy, robust woman. I am told that Mr. Cuddeback is a splendid farmer. He told me that his father intended him for the cabinet-makers' trade, but he said to him that he preferred working hard on a farm. He has pursued his choice many years.

This morning I made several pleasant calls in company with Mr. Denton. We made a short call on Mrs. Krebs. She said that she was born in Scotland, and came to America at the age of five years, and that her husband was born in Germany, and landed at New York at the age of ten years.

Mr. Gordon follows the printers' trade, and works in a good printing-office. I have met with a good many deaf-mute printers all over the country, one of whom I saw in Galveston, Tex., last May. Two of my old pupils are foremen in printing-offices in Virginia.

This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Denton, Mr. Gibbs, of Sodus, and myself took tea with Mr. and Mrs. F. Marion Tuttle, whose home is very pleasantly situated in Seneca Lake. We had very pleasant conversations with each other till bed-time.

Mr. Tuttle has shown me many of his artistic works, and has made a good art gallery of his house. Some of his oil paintings have won him considerable fame. He has just finished some work of which the local papers speak highly.

It consists in the renovation of two portraits of the late Colonel Patten and his wife, which were so old and defaced by the ravages of time that no one could tell whom they represented. Under his skillful workmanship they have been made almost life-like, and are thought admirable likenesses of the originals. He has shown me a full length life-like portrait of his wife, which he painted from a photograph four weeks without her knowledge. She was, then, on a visit to her friends in Albany, and was, on her return home, much surprised to see the portrait hanging in the parlor. He can easily paint portraits from photographs.

His mother told me that he was three years old when he sat on her lap trying to draw on paper a picture of his father while he was smoking a pipe, and reading a book or newspaper. The pipe falling out of his mouth stopped the boy's attempt to draw him, which made him cry. He was like Mr. West, the artist.

Mr. Tuttle has a very fine talent for drawing, and he has very sharp eyes. His mother took pains to teach him many words out of Peet's Lessons Part I, which the late Dr. Peet gave her as a present. He studied under her till he was twelve years old, when she took him to the New York Institution. The late Dr. Peet complimented her very much, because he was surprised to find her son three years advanced.

Truly, I have been much pleased with my visit here. Mr. and Mrs. Denton have done what they could to make my sojourn pleasant and profitable. I shall start for Syracuse, N. Y., to-morrow morning to hold a service on Sunday afternoon.

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

There are 81,241 paupers in London.

NOTES FROM D. W. CARY.

WEBSTER, Mass., Dec. 25, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to send you some notes of interest this afternoon.

To-day is Christmas, and this is a pleasant, but cold and windy day. I wish a merry Christmas to all the readers of your paper.

I left Portland for Boston, by boat.

Friday night, December 6th, and

reached there all right early in the morning, and then took a walk to the Fitchburg depot, where I was to leave for Marlboro in the evening.

About 8:30 a.m. I went to Pembroke

street, Boston, to see Mr. Cornelius

T. Dunham, a cousin of mine, and his

family, but was disappointed in not

finding them at home, for they had

gone to Charleston, S. C. I made a

little call upon Miss Belle Flagg,

a semi-mute lady, who lives next to

Mr. Dunham's, after which I went to Mr. George W. Holmes's, a deaf-mute gentleman, who was formerly clerk in the Boston post-office, and, after calling on him, I went to No. 124 Chandler street, to give Miss Flora E. Barry, a niece

in-law of mine, a short call, but I was

greatly disappointed in not finding her at home. She is a beautiful singer, and travels most of the time, singing.

I went to the Congregational House to see if my cousin, Rev. Howard C. Dunham, was there, but I found that he had left his office for some other office in Boston.

Afterwards I called to see Mr. George A. Holmes, the late president of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union, of Worcester, in the Registry of Deeds office. He looked very well.

He has got a very nice situation, which he has secured for about twenty-four years. He is very lucky!

When it was about dark I started for Marlboro, where I was glad to meet my little family again, having not seen them for about three months.

Monday evening, December 9th, there was a party, consisting of several ladies and gentlemen, given in honor of my brother-in-law, Winslow B. Howe, who is a student of the Amherst (Mass.) Agricultural College, at his father's residence. A good time was had.

Some time early in December, Gardner, Me., of which place I am a native, had a great freshet in the Kennebec River after heavy rain storm.

On the morning of the 16th inst. I went to Worcester, from Marlboro, by stage. My brother-in-law, Winslow B. Howe, also went to Amherst, Mass., where he is now engaged in his college studies. I found the deaf-mutes of Worcester all well and happy.

The quarterly meeting was held at the deaf-mutes' hall, in Gorham's Block, Worcester, on the evening of December 18th, but not much business was done. Mr. Kimball, the well-known Adventist in New England, was present, but did not make us Adventists. Perhaps he was somewhat afraid of us. Rev. Albert Tyler, of the firm of Tyler & Seagrave, printers of the old Spy job office, at Worcester, says that Adventists are fools in theology, and that a Universalist in ten words can spoil Mr. Kimball's theories.

While in Worcester I was looking for steady employment in some printing office there, but without success. Business of all kinds is very dull there, but it is hoped that it may improve soon. I came to Webster, about 15 miles from Worcester, Thursday noon, the 19th inst., and at last succeeded in getting a job in the Webster Times office. I am working on two newspapers, called the Webster Times, and the Southbridge Transcript, but do not know how long I shall be kept in the office. The Webster Times is a very good newspaper, and is edited by John Cort every Saturday morning. This paper is twenty years old, and is about as large as the JOURNAL.

At a regular meeting of the Clerc Literary Association, the former name of which was the Literary Association of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Mission, but was afterwards changed to that of the above in memory of the veteran associate of deaf-mute education in this country (Laurent Clerc), held on Thursday evening, September 26th, the following gentlemen were duly installed in their respective places as officers of that association for the ensuing year: President, John D. Ziegler; First Vice-President, Joseph A. Roop; Second Vice-President, George W. Campbell; Secretary, Wm. Ellwood Guss; Treasurer, Martin C. Fortescue; Trustees, William McKinney, William R. Cullingsworth, and John Scheck; Auditors, Henry S. Stevenson, and Daniel Paul; Chaplain, Rev. Henry Winter Syle. The retiring officers, in the regular order as above given, were Messrs. Guss, Ziegler, McKinney, Fortescue, Sipple. The changes made in the trustees were David D. Fogg and Joseph Tindall. The former had to resign an account of his removal to Swedesboro, N. J., the latter owing to the expiration of the term of his office.

AFFAIRS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The management of the affairs of that body are now being more wisely administered than at any time heretofore, and much of the association's prosperity and welfare, both financial and intellectually, is due to the indefatigable energy and perseverance of its officers, especially to our worthy pastor, Rev. H. W. Syle, who is an active member of the same. But, owing to the continued hard times, it has prevented a good many mutes, especially the young men, from being able to become members, as its constitution and by-laws require a certain amount of money in initiation fees and quarterly dues from every new and old member, in order to pay its expenses. So, ever since then its membership has been an average one; but, at its next business meeting, in January, we are very sanguine that we shall have a large increase in our membership.

For the information of any strange deaf-mutes, or any persons taking an interest in that body, who may have occasion to visit our city either on business or pleasure, I shall here mention that our association meets at 8 o'clock every Thursday evening of each month, from September to June, and the balance of the season it remains closed. The first

gland, Middle, Western, and Southern States, so as to publish it some time for my own benefit. Will they please send me brief sketches as soon as convenient? I want the time and place of birth; the whole name; the cause of deafness, and how old; where educated and how long at school; where he or she learned the printers' trade, and how long they served, what kind of work, book or newspaper; if not printers now, what is their present occupation; the time of marriage; or if unmarried. Let the brother printers please be sure and encourage me by sending them their brief sketches.

Last Monday noon I was very much shocked to hear of the death of Edward Collins Stone, who died Saturday night, in Hartford. He was once my teacher at the American Asylum. What a great loss to the asylum! His folks have my deep sympathy in their affliction.

Saturday night, the 21st inst., I went to Worcester, from this town, to go till Monday morning. When I got ready to leave the former city for here, at 7 o'clock, I got left, for the train had gone at 6:15 a.m., so I had to stay in the depot and wait for the ten o'clock train.

While I was in Marlboro, short

ago, I showed the JOURNAL to Mr. Stillman Pratt, editor of the Marlboro Mirror-Journal, and he, examining

the former paper thoroughly, said that it was a very interesting paper indeed. I assure you that your paper is wonderfully improving, for almost every deaf-mute speaks very highly of it. I wish it to continue prosperous.

Yours truly,

DANIEL W. CARY.

PHILADELPHIA NEWS.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Having promised at previous times to keep up a regular occasional correspondence for your valuable and interesting paper from the "City of Brotherly Love," as it is a well-known fact that no one has as yet afforded his service liberally to spare any leisure time in writing up a regular correspondence of all the news transpiring here, the interest and importance of which the mute community here, as well as everywhere, appreciate, I shall now avail myself of this favorable opportunity to fulfill my long-made promise to you. It is only now and then that correspondence from this city makes its appearance in your paper, and that usually from different correspondents and at different times.

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